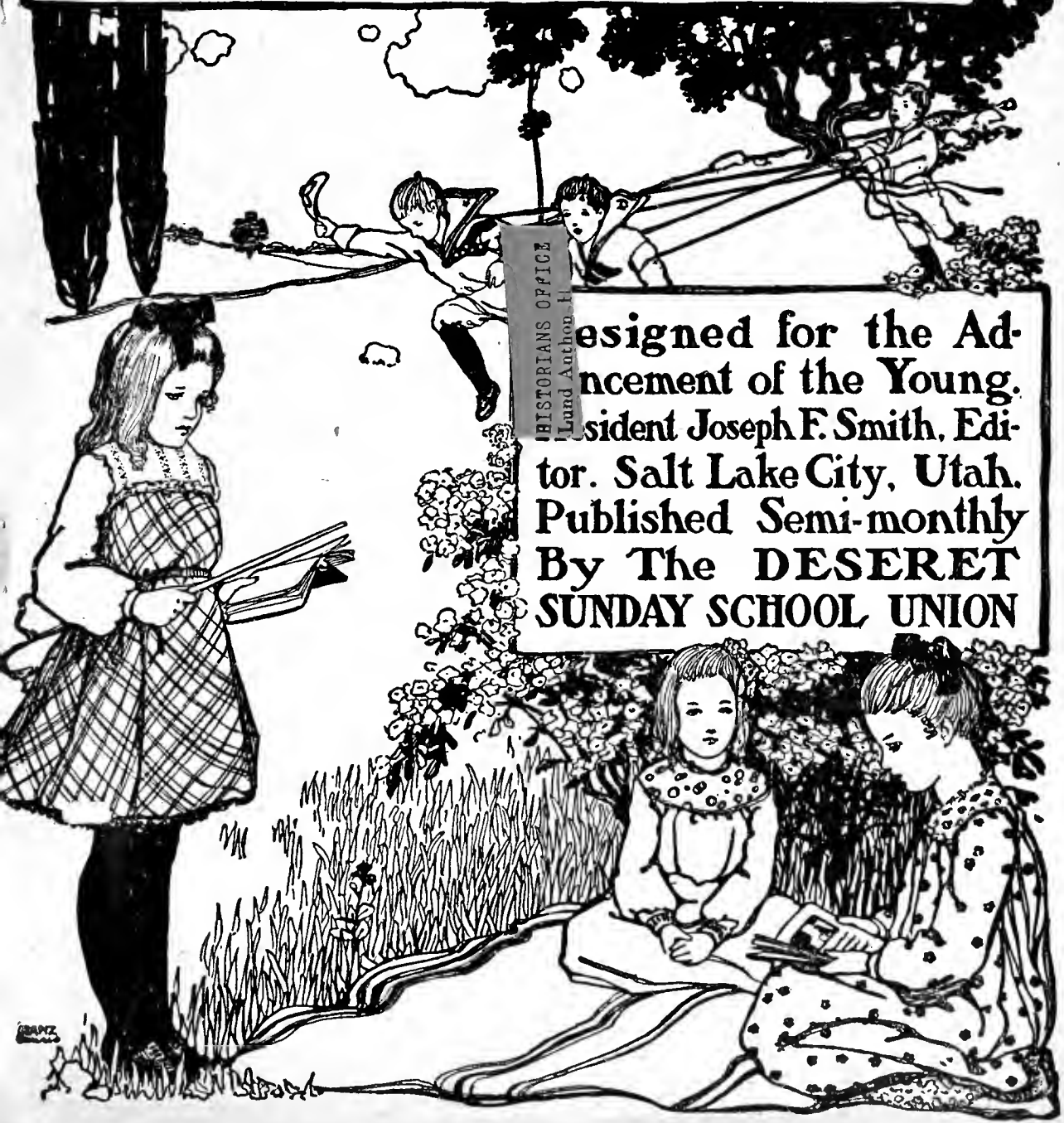


HOLINESS TO THE LORD

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



HISTORIANS OFFICE  
Lund Anthon H.

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President Joseph F. Smith, Editor. Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Published Semi-monthly  
By The DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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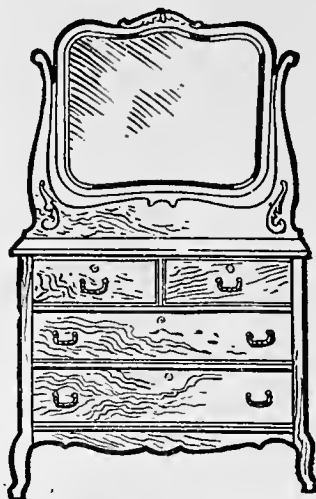
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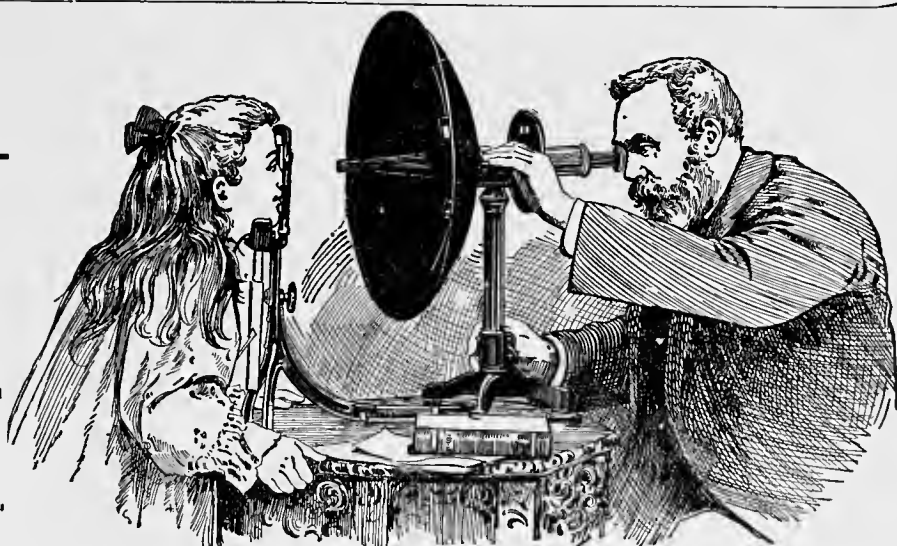
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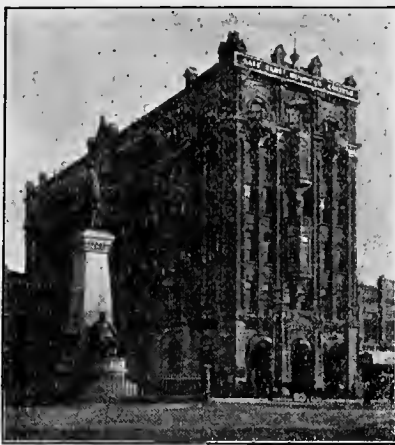
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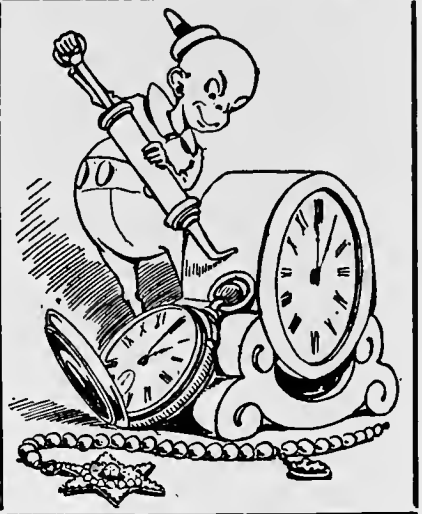
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ORGAN OF THE  
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VOL. XXXVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1902.

No. 17.

## THE MISSION OF THE ANGELS.

**I**T was new year's evening of the new century. The night was settling down over a day of activity and celebration throughout the world; of joy over the auspicious birth of a period to bring to pass the greatest events of all time. There should be happiness and peace in all homes to night for today is the dawn of the triumph of righteousness!

A widow and her son and daughter sit before the fire. There is trouble in the home. Pain sits in the face of the boy, and anxiety in the loving look of the mother. He is talking of his visit to the doctor in the city and of the honest man's amazement at his condition. "He says he thinks I'm out of the reach of aid, mother, but there is some little hope, and I must be very careful. But he doesn't know all, he may aid, but our Heavenly Father has power to heal. I shall get well, and then I'll make up for all my lost time, and you shall not work so hard."

The widow's eyes were moist but she turned her head and said without a quiver of her voice: "That's right, my son, God can and will take care of you."

"I wonder what brother is doing this

new year's night?" continued the youth, "It seems so strange to think of him thousands of miles away and that our Father has care over him also. When I get well and he is home to provide for you I'll go on a mission. The Gospel has come to me so plain of late, mother; on my birthday I think my Heavenly Father gave me a testimony, for things that I never understood before were made clear to me. That is only a week ago, but it seems that I have learned so much! I didn't know before how you could work so hard for the Elders in your old home in England, and why you loved them so, but now I know. I never knew how you could be so full of faith and courage when father died, but it is plain to me now. And when you came here to be close to sister and she was called away with her husband, I couldn't then understand why you were so willing, but it is plain enough to me now. And when brother was called to England and you knew I was so sick, you didn't object, though many women would have done so; but how could you, when the Gospel is so glorious! It is plain to me now why your pound of butter has gone each month for a fast offering when we

were in debt, and we paid tithing when we needed it in the house. Isn't it grand, mother?"

"Yes, love, it is very beautiful, and we would be very happy if you were strong."

"When I get well, mother," and the boy's eyes brightened and his voice was strong and clear, "I'll go to fast meeting and testify before the Saints of God's goodness to me and tell them what I know of the beautiful plan of salvation." Now the boy arose, and going to the cupboard, took from the drawer a roll of papers and laid them out upon his knee. They were the Bishop's receipts for tithing. He studied them carefully and computed the amounts, then said, with a tone of mock severity: "I'll have to bring you to account Sister R——, this is not so much as last year," then reluctantly, "but mine is more, so we won't say anything about it and it's all in your name," and he looked into the loving eyes of his mother with pride beaming from his own. Then he put the receipts away and sat a long while in silence. The mother waited for him to continue with expectation, for this talk was a revelation to her. The night had deepened; the daughter had gone to bed and they were alone in a great stretch of dreary sage brush. Alone, did I say? Is it imagination or an inner sight that reveals a heavenly presence there? One who stands with downcast head, his grave face set in the stern lines of duty. Can this be death? Have we not pictured him as a hateful spirit with baneful, unrelenting presence? Yet this being stands as if half yielding before some awful task. Was it a premonition that touched her heart or only the mother love that continually yearns for its offspring.

She watched her son intently and saw the lines of pain deepening in his face

"Aren't you so well dear?" she said, and tenderly took his hand. "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"O, mother, my heart feels like it would leap and burst from my body." He slowly arose and locked his emaciated hands across his throbbing breast and spurred on by pain, paced the narrow limits of their room.

"O child, what can I do? what can I do!" Unknown to him the mother had hastily grasped her shawl from the hook, and the closing of the door only warned the youth of her departure, and his agonized cry rang through the night air.

"Mother! Mother! where are you going?"

"For help, dear, for the Elders."

"Don't leave me, mother. I am safe here with you, I cannot bear to be alone!"—with the angel of death he might have said had he known.

The pain is increasing and the boy is weaker, and the angel stands nearer with averted head.

"Mother, let us pray," and down upon their knees they sink side by side, and now the widow's lips give utterance to the prayer that has been surging in her heart for days. She prayed as only a mother can pray:

"O, Father, bless my child, spare my son to me."

The mighty prayer and sobs of the faithful soul wrestle with the forces of death as did Jacob with the Omnipotent, and the angel stands hesitating and relenting.

They arose to their seats, a look of relief and joy in the face of the youth. Then they sat with both of his hands in hers.

"Mother, doesn't it seem strange that I should suffer so much? Don't you think that maybe the Lord wanted to keep me from sin, and I was afflicted to keep me out of bad company until I was

old enough and had learned enough to avoid temptation? Or is it because I have done wrong? But I have seen so many rough boys who ride their horses on the Sabbath day and swear and drink and smoke; and they are well and strong, it is very strange."

The mother told him of God's boundless solicitude and love for His children; how the experiences of the humble have always for their object the eternal more than the present happiness of men.

Then he related that when as a Deacon he had striven to do his duty in cleaning the meeting house, he had dropped exhausted with his task half completed, and how he had vowed that another time, God being his helper, he would succeed. And all the little failings of his life he brought out and laid before her; and then she thought of all his little attentions to her when she came in from her outdoor duties—the fire briskly renewed and the open oven doors for her cold feet, his brave attempts to help her regardless of pain, and her heart swelled with a fathomless wealth of love toward her boy—her boy—so pure, so patient, so true.

His hand gripped hers with a sudden twinge of pain and soon the old agony was renewed. "Mother, the oil—give me some—administer to me!"

She sprang to do his bidding. A quick draught between the lips, the breast was laid bare and copiously the holy fluid was poured over the quivering heart and then mother and saint uniting, she wrapped her arms around his frail form and with heart to heart she prayed the prayer of faith. At first beseeching, then as the spirit gathered strength—with confidence;—and then as the knowledge of her son's blameless life and her own sacrifices came to her—with power. The Heavens had heard; with a look of reverent awe, the stern

lips melted to ineffable sadness which seemed to say "not now, not now!" the angel departed—the mother love had conquered.

The youth arose, lifted up his hand and his voice rang out, "Mother I testify that God has given me a blessing this new year's night."

Then followed days of intermittent despair and hope, but steadily the body's forces are weakening though the spirit is as strong as ever. The Elders and Bishop are kind and attentive, and day by day is being fought the battle for a life. The doctor said in human reason he should have gone long ago, and we must stand in awe before forces that can bend the decrees of Heaven.

The morning of the twelfth day of the new year has come, following a night of pain. The boy can take no food, its very odor distresses him.

The angel has come again, the look of awe upon his face he wore when he departed. From the beginning this has been his mission in love and sadness, but seldom before has the task been so hard for him. The breakfast things are cleared away. The boy is very weak, but is not so much in pain. The Bishop calls and his keen, kindly eye notes the requirements and with a blessing he departs to send aid. Then the battle is renewed. Caressing, pleading, praying—between her son and the unknown as seldom mortal fought the widow struggles through the agonizing moments until the Elders arrive. They bless him and he revives and smiles hopefully. The Bishop has returned and on him the widow and son now lean as on a tower of strength. The angel has drawn near, hands and arms have the dew of death, but again is he rescued and warmth and life courses through them once more. But the inevitable is printed in his face, and the mother sees it. The decree of

Heaven is being carried out; what avails her struggles against the will of the Almighty?

With her face in her hands, that he may not see, she moans to herself the prayer of despair—of lost hope—of resignation—not yet, for this is her love, her son, the life of her love! She looks at him, the measure of a great yearning in her heart. "Love, can't you say something to comfort me!"

With a look of kindly reproach he turns to her, "Mother I shall get well."

The angel is by his side, with the strength of a hero he stands upon his feet against the Bishop's breast, then he sinks again, and as the light goes out of the west after the sunset's last ray he is borne away, as the kindly, sad eyed angel claims his own. The decree is fulfilled.

From the departed to the living, kindly hands now turn, and the stricken one is laid upon her couch. Then follows the relaxation of nerves as tense as steel. The unloosing of woes and sobs long concealed. In a delirium of sorrow, her spirit on the borderland stretching out its arms for her child, she wails out the grief beside which all other griefs are as the cries of babyhood.

Kindly mother souls have now come in and they mingle the tears of their deep sympathy with her floods of sorrow. Her other sons and daughters come, and, tears all spent, she moans out her agony upon their necks. The Elders bless her, asking the kind Father to heal her broken heart. Not yet—but a strength comes to her and she sleeps. In the circle of the room the watchers sit—the hush of death in their faces. Their grief is puerile—they can only look on the stricken form as it moves in fitful slumber.

Kindly hands are preparing the body for its last rest. Like one dazed the

mother sits, then calmness comes, and she talks of one of business of her boy. His wise conversation is recounted, word for word. O, memory you are very kind! With tearful eyes her children and the neighbors follow, but she sits calm, her grief deep locked in her strong soul.

Do they believe? In the presence of such faith as this they must know, and as the knowledge is borne home to their minds, the mother heart before them, and that other one now sleeping become as queen and prince! O, God, when such as these shall come into Thy presence, shall the heavens not rejoice and the angels sing the anthems of the blest!

The body is prepared and is in its casket. It is strong and roomy and is draped in white. The face is calm and restful with an infinite peace.

Strong minds with gentle words are preparing the mother for the ordeal. They tell her of the measureless love of the Christ who died for us; of how vision had shown him weeping among his apostles at their sorrows, and she is strong to endure. One last long look, one clinging kiss, and with the words "My love, my love, the Lord be praised, the Lord be praised," she has filled out the measure of a strong brave heart.

Her grief has been spent at home in the sacredness of the family circle, and she has none to exhibit to the world. She hears the word of God with joy as she always heard it, but with a deeper sense of its truth. They call him a hero and her form straightens; they mention her son away in far off England and her heart swells with pride.

At the singing the tears follow the old courses of her cheeks gently as summer rains come. She has found in her brothers and sisters and neighbors a new love. An honored man speaks of

his wish that he might call in authority upon the Heavens that angels might dwell in her humble home. They call her son a link to heaven, and she feels her soul connected with the eternities. She hears the dedication of the grave with composure and at the words she sees it open at the morning of the first resurrection and deliver her son in the bloom of strength.

The last offices over she returns to her home with a calmness at which those who know her heart now marvel. What change hath God wrought!

In the family circle that night there was relief, almost gaiety, as spirits rebounded from the pressure of a dreaded duty now accomplished, and during the following days of preparation for the departure of her children the mother's mind is occupied to a partial exclusion of her sorrow.

Then one by one, for it was best thus, her children went back to their separate worlds of action. They carried their own sorrow closely hidden, and only the long look of unutterable love and pity shows that they would bear her sorrow were it possible.

She will not leave her home, she would face her troubles and when time has partially effaced them, and brighter recollections cluster round her home, to which she may return with something of comfort, then for a while she will share the hospitality of her children, but not now.

They have all departed. The animated conversation of the children, the prattle and crying of babies has ceased, and the mother and daughter face the future alone.

They live at the turn of the road where all the people of the ward must pass to and from business, and careless eyes grow grave as they look upon this home, and a sense of awe comes to the

hearts of rough men as they think of the strong, brave saint within. From mother hearts, which alone can clearly sense the blow, prayers are ascending in her behalf, and this spot, desolate and lonely is the center of a great united sympathy.

The evening's work is done and mother and daughter sit by the fire as they did on that memorable day which saw the dawn of the year.

The girl is occupied in a listless way over her studies, for which, under the depressing influence she has no heart. The widow's hands, which never knew idleness, are not busy tonight, she sits looking straight into the face of her sorrow. She is thinking of that other night and his wise words are all coming back without a break in their chain. O, memory you are very cruel, tonight!

He was so tall and straight and would have been so strong. He was so kind to me, so brave, so full of sensible thought. O Father in heaven, what have I done to merit this? She saw him come toddling up his infant path fresh from her breast and arms.

He had been stricken in babyhood and again in childhood, but she had gathered him up and held him and she wondered if she had done right in insisting then.

If only her missionary boy were here to sustain her, she could lean on his strong arm. But she would not call him home. Her eyes refused the tears now frozen in cold, mute sorrow. Has the preacher's angel come? Yes, surely, or some other, for beside the silent, rigid form there stands a being of radiant peace with face of love and hands of caressing tenderness. His hand is on the widow's head, and through the barriers of human clay the spirits are in communion.

"I would rather have him there than here in suffering and sin. They called

my boy a hero," and now the icy fountains break, and as warm showers drop on snow banks they trickle on the mother's heart.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Her spirit has caught the word and her softened heart now melts at the sweet thought. "It may not be my sins but His love that brought this trial,"—and then her mind went back to the days when the Gospel came to her. The Master's servants had sat at her table and made her house their home. Washing and darning hose for their blistered feet; contriving, planning, sacrificing for their comfort, their mother in very deed; leaving as a last legacy her feather bed with the standing injunction that the Elders should have it always. O, blessed memory! O gracious angel of consolation! And now her son is also a servant of the Master." Heavenly Father, lead him to the honest, that they may see the light, as I am in the light." Now the words come to her, "and seek the face of the Lord always that in patience ye may possess your souls and ye shall have eternal life." She would be so patient—she would endure and never falter. The daughter is asleep in her chair. The mother's hands are folded in her faded apron. The lines of sadness in her face have melted into a peace more beautiful than smiles, more radiant than hope.

The shining deeds and sacrifices of the past and present beam before her like the stars that form the diadem of night. The walls of her narrow room have faded away, time is destroyed, distance is annihilated. The veil is drawn and the limitless future is revealed. The stretches of infinity are spanned—earth's raging oceans are as naught—the mother is once again with her loved ones!

With bowed head as one who stands in the presence of the Holy One, the angel departed; there is no further need

of his ministrations here for the Comforter has come and has taken up His abode in the widow's heart.

Then followed days of quiet, patient resignation. Neighbors looked upon her with solicitude, almost grief, and beheld her stronger in this common sorrow than themselves, and marveled at her saintly power. With infinite pains she composed her letters of comfort to her absent son, and received quietly his loving sympathy and sorrow. But though it may have been suspected, none knew the unequal battle that was being waged—for the spirit, enduring and struggling so bravely, as a beleagured garrison, within crumbling walls, must sooner or later be overcome. The labors, trials, and hardships of her intense life, massed themselves against her as a common enemy, and her body, so strong to aid others, relieved of its greatest motive, now quivered under the accumulated strain of years of self-denial and unselfish devotion. When with her children, she was won by their studied care and gaiety into momentary forgetfulness, and once she said "that the greatest trials might be worn away," and sometimes she smiled, and always she busied her failing hands in little kindly attentions, drawing once again the old comfort of her helpful life. But she was weaker than they knew, and when her children sat in counsel over her future, making plans for her comfort, they never surmised how unavailing was their solicitude. As she gradually lost her hold on things earthly, the powers of the beyond seemed to gather force in her soul. Once she was heard in conversation by herself, and whether her brain was reeling under illness or not they never knew, but she merely said she was talking with her boy; and between love of the dead and living, in her

weakness she bravely fought, spending long periods in her white gown by the bedside in prayer; always her thoughts going out to her boy across the sea that she might see him return in honor.

Stricken by a sudden serious illness her children are around her, and the Priesthood and all the available powers of heaven and earth are brought to save her, but the angels are again with her and a higher will is to be accomplished.

The spirit of comfort and mercy is by her side again. Kindly he administers to her, for the passing of this saintly soul must be gentle and pleasant. That she may not see and grieve for her children in their sorrow, he lays his mantle over her face, and blind to this earth the spirit wanders in dreams of heaven with her husband and children, and she hears the words, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither is it given to man to know the weight of glory that is in store for those that love Him."

Thus calmly, silently, dead to pain, she is led through the valley, and then the other angel reverently takes her hand and she is borne out into the light of the eternal hills of Paradise.

With a look of heavenly satisfaction the merciful one remains and smooths and moulds the look of earth and suffering upon her face, to the joyous image of the awakened spirit, and with a part-

ing look of benediction upon the assembled ones is gone. The watchers have seen the change wrought in her face by the artist angel's hands, and have felt his blessing, and after the first burst of grief, are comforted; for in all the sad history of the months past they have been made to see the Divine will. As gold seven times purified by the fires of trial their mother is canonized a saint,—not by the words of man, but by the laws of sacrifice, of self-denial and of works. They are satisfied, and the little comforts they had thought of for her they now look upon almost in shame, as childish baubles in comparison with the great reward given of the Father.

O, these mothers of ours! Who shall tell the story of their lives! The recording angel shall some day lay bare their histories as God alone knows them. Some mighty poet brain and heart shall gild the lives of sorrow, pain and triumph, and they shall be illuminated forever. "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of the Father," and this true story of the tragic ending and glorious beginning of a noble life is but one of the many golden threads running through our people's history. To those great souls perhaps unappreciated because unknown, this tribute to a mother is dedicated.

*W. A. Hyde.*



## THE UTAH PRESS EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

**A**T Portland our car was handed over to the great Southern Pacific system for the longest and most important part of our journey.

The wondrous charm of the ride to San Francisco over this line is known to all men. The interesting climb over Grant's Pass, the awful grand-



eur of Mount Shasta, the beautiful forests and manifold scenic charms of this region need not here be described in detail. We stopped at the Shasta mineral springs and imbibed vast quantities of the delicious natural carbonated water which gushes out in such unlimited abundance at this place. The romantic beauty of the scenery at the springs adds much to one's enjoyment of the beverage.

At San Francisco we found indeed a city. Most of us had been there before but we could go again and enjoy every minute of the time should everything combine, as in this case, to render our stay a pure delight. Exactly one half of our party were "Mormons," and they might perhaps have objected to the somewhat rapid tone of the great west-

There was a boat ride on the Bay and out through the beautiful Golden Gate, during weather as perfect as though made to order, and enjoyed by our party as only people from the far interior can enjoy water trips. The various islands, the Presidio, antiquated Fort Scott, the shipping, and above all the numerous earthworks with their frowning cannon, were all objects of intense interest. Of course we visited the Golden Gate park, went into ecstasies over its strange foreign trees and flowers, its fine museum and numberless other attractions, visited the Hopkins Institute, trollied the city and went en masse to the theaters, made the usual trip to Chinatown and ended up with some "high jinks" at the fine quarters of the Press Club. This organization possesses several members



THE ANGELES—HOME OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION, LOS ANGELES.

ern metropolis but for the fact that they found here a fully established branch of the Church and were able to attend services the morning we arrived. The reception accorded us in San Francisco was fully commensurate with the size of the city. The time allotted us there was entirely too short for "doing" the city as we would have liked. The program arranged was such as to test to the utmost our capacity for sight-seeing.



MONTEREY—THE HOUSE WHERE PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON DIED.

whose musical talents entitle them to be placed in the same class with many leading professionals.

At Monterey there was another round of pleasure. Many interesting things may be seen in this quaint old town, chief among which is the seventeen mile drive through an immense forest and along the beach, ending up at the great caravansary which stands as a monument to the wisdom and perspi-

cacity of the Pacific Improvement Company—the Hotel Del Monte. It is hard to convey upon paper an adequate idea of the impression left upon the mind by a visit to this hotel, emphasized by the perfect climate and indescribable loveliness of the great park by which it is surrounded, to say nothing of the polo grounds, golf links, fishing advantages, etc., which have all combined to make Del Monte one of our best known and most popular western winter resorts.

Through some misunderstanding no preparations had been made at Santa Barbara for our entertainment, and we undertook a tour of the city on our own account, with highly gratifying results. The old mission, still in a state of excellent preservation, was our first acquaintance with early Spanish architecture, and we spent two enjoyable hours wandering around the church and well-kept gardens, inspecting the severely plain cloisters and tombs of departed monks. The beach also came in for a share of our attention, and we left for the south well pleased with the interesting little city.

I feel entirely unequal to the task of properly describing the countless wonderful things which we saw at Los Angeles and vicinity, or of telling how nicely we were entertained by the many charming people who took us in hand at that place.

After seeing the sights in and about Los Angeles it is not difficult to understand why the city has achieved its present pre-eminence as the Mecca toward which all tourist roads converge. A city which twenty years ago contained but 5,000 people, and now numbers over 125,000 must have exceptional influences at work to cause such phenomenal growth. Los Angeles people are fully alive to these influences and can tell them off with a speed and certainty

comparable to that with which an old mission father tells his beads. There is, to begin with, an almost ideal climate, three beaches within easy reach well adapted for ocean bathing, Santa Catalina island with its submarine gardens and fascinating scenery, while only a few miles distant is Mount Lowe, towering to a height of over a mile, up the side of which is the most amazing railroad to be seen on the globe. On this mountain is an observatory fitted with a powerful equatorial telescope, and still higher up is the "Alpine Tavern." From here one gazes down upon the lovely valley far beneath with its miles upon miles of irrigated and fruitful agricultural land, surrounding what is probably the most beautiful residence city in the United States—Pasadena. Our stock of adjectives was entirely exhausted before we had seen the half, and we were



TE JUAN—THE PARTY ON MEXICAN SOIL.

reduced to a state of helpless ecstasy with nothing left but "Oh's" and "Ah's" to express our admiration for all these wonders.

It may be said of Los Angeles that she has the attractions, knows how to show them, and her people are right willing to do it. Indeed, they have reduced the exhibition of the city's attractions to a science, and the machinery

for this purpose, otherwise the Chamber of Commerce, plentifully supplied with the necessary lubricant, works with entire smoothness under the guidance of the gentlemen at its head. In the case of our own party the entire program was carried out with great success and with ease and certainty which betokened long practice.

A courteous invitation from the Santa Fe people enabled us to include San Diego in our itinerary, and we were well repaid for the trip to that place. The great Hotel del Coronado was closed at the time of our visit, but an inspection of its exterior was sufficient indication of the high standard of the management. Near by is the "tented city," laid out with regular streets, a water system, sanitary conveniences, and over a thousand tents with electric lights, board floors and fine beds, there being also good restaurants, a dancing pavilion and a permanent orchestra. It would be hard to find a

more attractive place to spend the heated months than in this great city of tents, with its perfect climate, fine beach and numerous social attractions.

The return to San Francisco was without incident, no stops being made. There we disbanded, some returning home at once, others lingering in the metropolis a few days longer. Altogether it was the most successful tour ever made by the association, and too many thanks cannot be accorded the gentlemen who contributed to the end. We shall ever retain a warm place in our hearts for each and every one of them and hope to have the pleasure in the near future of seeing them in Utah, where we shall do our best to assure them as good a time as we had in the Pacific coast country—than which no stronger promise can be made.

The pictures illustrating this article were kindly furnished by Mr. R. S. Fries, official photographer of the trip.



## THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIAN BOY. II.

**I**T has long been the custom of the Central American governments to sell mahogany timber, standing, to American and German speculators. In addition to the original cost, the lumberman has to pay an export duty on all that is shipped out of the country, and imprisonment or heavy fines fall upon all evaders of the law. The mahogany industry is one of the principal sources of revenue to Guatemala, and, owing to its importance, land that would otherwise be unnoticed has been carefully surveyed by foreign surveyors. Now an American or European

is as safe in traveling through most of Central America as he would be in his own land. But with a barbaric love of display and a desire to impress the Indians with a fear of and a respect for the domestic government, the surveyors are always accompanied by a squad of petty officers and a detachment of soldiers. Whenever possible the latter are quartered upon some poor Indian, and unless the latter happens to be a duly registered *moso*, the vassal of a *fincaro* or merchant, he has no redress for any outrage to which himself and family may have been subjected. Even then

the appeal for justice or indemnity must be made in the name of the master, not in that of the injured party. We often think of the wrongs of the Indian in our free United States, but they do not compare with those of his brother under Spanish rule. The Indian of today is not in as pitiable condition as were his ancestors three centuries ago, but he can never forget the cruelties and the tortures that were perpetrated upon them. He neither forgets nor forgives. He cherishes the traditions of a splendid empire before the conquerors had dreamed of a new world, and he looks for the time when that sovereignty shall be restored in its pristine glory. Unlike the Sioux or Apache he seldom rebels. He knows that such a course would be futile; so he yields passive obedience to the tyrant and keeps his own counsel, together with a strange blending of hatred and hopes that only those who know him intimately can understand.

For more than fourteen years the Indian and his family had lived in their jungle hut far from any white people, or from any one of their own race for that matter. They, at least, were secure from molestation. The visit of the missionary padre was the only startling event in all that length of time. But the years were too peaceful, too happy to endure forever. One hot summer afternoon, before the regular shower had cooled the air, the Indian and his wife were sleeping in their hammocks. The children lay about them curled up on the floor, dozing or languidly keeping away the flies, mosquitoes and fleas that prevented perfect rest. Suddenly a shadow darkened the doorway. A soldier stood there and other soldiers were behind him.

"Jose!"

The Indian leaped up. That was not

his name, but he knew that he was meant.

"Que quiere, senor?" (what do you wish, sir?)

If he had only known his visitors better he would have addressed them in his own dialect and pretended that he did not know a word of Spanish. As yet he had had no experience with the soldiers, and was proud to show off the limited vocabulary that he possessed. Too late he realized his mistake.

"Something to eat. Quick! Here's an American lord, an officer of the government."

The lord was only a Yankee surveyor. His official staff consisted of one green assistant, but the dignity of the Guatemalan government had to be upheld and the natives had to be overawed. The wife was dispossessed of her hammock, the American, the lieutenant and the corporal proceeded to take possession of the hut. If dinner had been all that had been wanted the Indian would not have complained, but when the soldiers built *champas* as though their stay might be of several days' duration, his consternation was apparent. Had he not *almuds* of corn; an almost grown son, a wife, a pretty twelve-year old daughter? Any or all of these might strike a ruffian's fancy and he would be absolutely helpless to save or protect.

The lad stood it sullenly as long as he could, but when a low-browed *ladino*, commenced to caress his sister he thought it time to be going before he had more trouble on his hands than he could attend to. Now he might have made his escape unobserved had not the lieutenant marked him from the first. The soldiers were grumbling on account of the food, on account of the feverish climate, on account of the cutting of wood and the carrying of water. Here was a likely Indian boy, who would save them

much hard labor and would be of no expense. So when he stole from the door two soldiers followed him, and, before he knew how it was done, he was standing between them in the presence of the commanding officer. His father was summoned.

"Is this your son?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is his name?"

"Ixtakel, señor."

"Name of a dog. I want his Christian name. He has been christened?"

The Indian was nonplussed for a moment. A bold lie was the only way out of the dilemma. He risked his all on the hope of not being caught in the falsehood.

"Yes, sir. His name is — is — is Pedro."

"Ah, Pedro is it? Where was he baptized? Where is his name recorded? Where is the certificate of baptism, the paper from the *jefe politico*?"

Now these little formalities by which the sovereign republic kept watch of its wards had never been complied with. The Indian had not heard of them before, nor did he understand enough Spanish to comprehend what was wanted. By and by it dawned upon him. He had no papers. He might be free, but his son, a wild unregistered savage, under age, would be taken for a slave. It was true, then, that story which had been handed down from generation to generation, that the Indian had no rights which a Spaniard was bound to respect.

"Take the youngster, Castro, Paolo, tie him well. Don't let the whelp escape. He will be of use to us in the jungle."

Rightly or wrongly it was done. The boy swore and fought and bit, but the soldiers were too many for him and his parents dared not assist. Bruised and

bleeding, kicked and insulted he lay bound in the corner of his own home, the unpaid servant of a free and liberal, in fact a parental government. His name went down on the lieutenant's record as "Pedro the Kachiquel." Ixtakel was gone forever.

At dawn surveyor and soldiers passed out of sight into the forest. All day the Indian and his wife sat lonely and disconsolate. On the hearth no fire was lighted. No more for them would the sun shine brightly and the birds sing as of yore. No more would the once happy family make a trail through the jungle to join in the planting of a new *milpa*; no more would there be the feasting and mirth when the golden ears of corn were gathered in. The food was all gone. What of that? Was not the oldest son lost to them, and as for the daughter —? Her story had better not be told.

Day after day Pedro marched through the brush between two soldiers. When he was unbound, it was only to be converted into a beast of burden, to be made to do such work as the women did among his own people. Once he tried to escape but the whistle of a bullet just above his head frightened him into a sudden halt. When he was brought back he was flogged until his back was raw and then tied down, supperless, to spend the night. A sleepless one it was for him, but when the day came there was a change in him that he himself knew not of. He was no longer a boy, but a man—a man with but one purpose and with the indomitable will to carry out that purpose though in doing so he should lose his own life.

His captors soon marked the great change in Pedro. He no longer sulked and pretended that he did not understand the commands that were given him. On the contrary, he did even more

than was required of him. He tried to learn the tongue that he had once despised. The lieutenant gave orders that he should no longer be bound and guarded. He was given better fare, and the corporal became quite friendly with him. But somehow the American was the only one of the party that he really trusted, and the fact that each was overcoming the difficulties of a new language was a common bond of sympathy.

It had been the intention of the *comandante* to use Pedro as long as he could be of service and then to bind him out to some *fincaro* as a *moso*, which virtually meant condemning him to perpetual slavery. But, fortunately for the boy and unfortunately for the government, the "green assistant" yielded to climatic influences and came down with malarial fever. This not only made necessary longer camps and shorter marches, but it called for the services of a new chainman. One after another of the soldiers undertook the job. Each made a dismal failure of it. They had been recruited from *cantinas* in the slums of the provincial towns and were absolutely unfitted for any occupation that called for judgment and accuracy. Pedro had been watching the surveyor for weeks and asked to try his hand where the *ladinos* had failed. The surveyor seconded his request. So he obtained his first promotion and entered into the first contest for the supremacy which it was now his sole ambition to attain. Of course things did not go smoothly for a few days, but Pedro was both quick and careful. He was so superior to the soldiers that the surveyor restrained his impatience and waited for matters to right themselves. Indeed he took pains to show the lad many things, and the boy grasped as much as he could comprehend and let the rest go for a more convenient season. Among

other things Pedro picked up a smattering of English and learned something of other peoples than Spaniards and his own Kachiquel. The desire to free his race expanded and he resolved to see something of the great world before the hour came for action.

At length the time came for the return trip. The expedition was to disband at Coban, a larger city than Pedro had yet seen. What disposition would be made of him there he could not tell. He would ask the surveyor to intercede for him and, should the worst happen and he be bound out for a serf, he would make his escape as soon as possible to Mexico and then to the free northland of the Americans, the land of which he dreamed. For some reason he wished that the westward route would take him near the home under the banana trees, but when he thought of how that home had been blighted, he was glad that he would never see it again. The very picture of home brought up the idea of revenge.

Coban lies almost at the summit of the great continental cordillera. On the mountain tops about it, the clouds are born and here they rest, winter and summer alike, until they become strong enough to wing their way to the blue Caribbean or the broad Pacific. Pedro felt very cold and lonely as he climbed from the zone of palms, bananas and cocoanuts to that of oranges and coffee. He had never before been out of the *tierra caliente*. One of the soldiers let him have an old pair of trousers, another a coat, and in the broad-shouldered young man, who marched with the company and spoke Spanish almost as well as his associates, one could hardly have recognized the Ixtakel of the jungle.

It was the day after their arrival when Pedro was summoned to go with the lieutenant to the office of the *jefe*. For twenty-four hours he had been given the

freedom of the city. He had been asked to sleep in the barracks but preferred going to the *mason* (hotel) in the capacity of the surveyor's *moso*. He looked with wonder at the church and the plaza, at the great stores of the German merchants and at the warehouses where coffee berries were being dried by the ton. He had not seen half the sights when the messenger came to notify him that he was wanted, but he had seen, in the market place, Indians who could speak his own dialect and that lived not many leagues from his own forest. By them he sent a message, to be delivered from hut to hut, until it should reach the father for whom it was intended.

The *jefe* had already heard his story and the surveyor had put in a good word for him. As the *jefe* had a little private surveying to be done, the surveyor's request was little less than a command. Pedro's examination was only a legal formality. It was obvious because he had never been baptized and because his father was a wild Indian and not a *moso* that he was properly a ward of the nation. His recommendations proved him to be worthy a trial at something more than manual toil at a *finca*. If any responsible party could be found to board and clothe him for two years, in return for what services he could render out of school hours, the government would undertake his education at the departmental school for the instruction of Indian youth. So the *jefe* told the lieutenant, who repeated the decision to the surveyor. The latter, after a moment's reflection, went out to find a German coffee factor of his acquaintance. An hour or two later the factor incidentally mentioned the matter to a *fincaro* who was very much in his debt, and the *fincaro* remembered that he needed a boy to look after his city house while the owner was out in the country. So

the matter was settled. First of all Pedro was duly baptized and registered, ("marked and branded," we would say in Utah.) The lieutenant himself acted as godfather. The boy never forgot the religion of his father. It is doubtful if he took any stock in the new faith. It was simply a necessary feature in the great program that he had marked out for himself. Then he was installed as *major domo* of the *fincaro's casa grande*, and a new life opened for him. The savage life, the soldier life seemed lost in the misty past as he commenced his new career as a student.

It would take too long and be profitless to narrate the story of the next two years. Thanks to association with the American, Pedro was ahead of his comrades in almost everything excepting the mere knowledge of books. This, too, came in due time. During the first year of his course, his lessons were not hard, and the care of the house, excepting when the master was at home, occupied but little of his time. In his spare time he did what no Spanish boy and but few American boys would have thought of doing. Back of the house of the German factor was a carpenter's shop, the headquarters of the skilled mechanics, who built the stores and houses for the foreign residents and who put up the coffee and sugar machinery for enterprising *fincaros*. The sharp and glittering tools first attracted his attention. Then he admired the dexterity and accuracy with which they were handled. By and by he commenced to ask questions, and as they showed thought, the "boss" took pleasure in answering, finally allowing him to handle hammer, saw and chisel, and assist in little unimportant jobs. In this way he learned something of a trade, and before long was enabled to earn a few *reales* each week for himself.



The second year at school found him alone. Very few Indian lads voluntarily remain at school more than six months, though, in cities like Coban, the state provides a competent instructor. He had now very little in common with the rude barbarians of the forest, but he would never permit them to be molested on the streets by the proud young Castilians who were always itching to show their authority. His teacher had found one pupil in whom he might take pride, and now became more of a friend and adviser than master. His library was at Pedro's disposal, consequently Pedro spent more time in reading and less at the shop. History and biography were his delight. He read something about our own Washington and he learned the legend of William Tell. But his heroes were Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz. Though not of his tribe, were they not of his own race? What they had done for Mexico might not someone do for Guatemala and all of Central America? Why not Pedro, the Kachiquel?

When Pedro was seventeen years old a competitive examination was held for a scholarship in the "Institution Polytechnique Nacional" at Guatemala. He was the only candidate from the departments of Alta Verapaz, Baja Verapaz and Peten. A creditable examination and the highest endorsement from his teacher, from the *jefe* and from the German factor, secured for him the coveted position. His trade, with the strictest economy, had given him enough for a creditable equipment, a comfortable journey and a few weeks' board in the capital. On the morning after his departure, by some strange coincidence, the soldier Emiliano, he who had first laid rude hands on Pedro's beloved sister in the jungle three years before, was missing. A search was instituted,

and after some hours the lifeless body was found in a baranca near town. Emiliano had been stabbed through the heart, but no one dreamed of connecting the crime with the promising young graduate of the Coban school.

In Guatemala Pedro supported himself at his trade, and, when twenty-one years old, he graduated with honor from the National Law School. Then he went to Mexico to get him a wife, because he would not take one in whose veins ran Spanish blood. In the state of Oaxaca, whence came Juarez and Diaz, the state where Aztecas and Zapotecas vie with *ladinos* and *Castilians*, he found one whose ambition was as his and together they returned to Guatemala, where Pedro already was respected and where he soon became influential. Years have passed since then and Pedro's great hope has not been realized. He has visited the states and the continent, but he never forgets his lowly birth or ceases to dream of the freedom of his people. His time is divided between a prosperous business in the city and a *finca* near Escuintla. Only Indian help is employed on the *finca*, and everyone receives just compensation for labor performed. Each is free to come or go as may suit. There is a school for the Indian children and the first great lessons taught are race pride and love of freedom.

Of course Pedro is a dangerous man in any Latin-American republic. Twice he has been imprisoned as a revolutionist, and, when President Jose Maria Reina Barrios was assassinated, he narrowly escaped being shot as a conspirator. He is ashamed neither of his history nor of his race. Until the time comes for decisive action he will try and lead Quiches and Kachiquels to a knowledge of better things; to prepare

them to be more useful men and women; to fit them, in a measure, for self-government.

We naturally inquire concerning the little hut in the jungle. What of the father and mother; are they forgotten? I can tell you all that Pedro knows about them, which is very little. Time and time again he sent to find them, sparing no expense in the search. The last returning messenger brought word that, shortly after the boy's abduction, the Indian took his family and moved into the Maya region of Yucatan. He wanted to get away from old associations and find a country that had never been marred by a white man's foot. When the fictitious Maya rebellion broke out, a rebellion that offered the Mexicans a pretext for making more slaves, it is probable that the old man sought an opportunity of avenging his wrongs and joined the

Mayas in resisting the invaders. In such a case there could be but one fate for him, and the mother and children would be driven like cattle into exile, to far-off, cold Sonora, to perish far from the only land that they could love and call home.

Under the banana trees in the jungle stand four slowly rotting posts. The thatch and rafters have, long since, been eaten by the elements. The trail to the *poso* has grown up with vines, only the wild peccaries, nosing about for grubs and decayed fruit, unearthing here and there a broken *olla* or heavy *metate* can tell that here has once been a human habitation. But a man swinging in his hammock on the veranda near Escuintla beholds it in a vision, and from the mouldering ruins he sees arise a new government and a redeemed people.

W. M. W.



#### IT DOESN'T COST MONEY.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,  
To have a good time on the earth:  
The best of its pleasures are free to all those  
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,  
The loveliest flowers grow wild,  
The finest of drink gushes out of the spring—  
All free to man, woman, and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint,  
Such pictures as nature supplies  
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint.  
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles cheery  
and brave

Cost nothing—no, nothing at all;  
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could save  
Can make no such pleasures befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure  
air,  
Honest toil, the enjoyment of health,  
Sweet slumber refreshing—these pleasures we  
share  
Without any portion of wealth.

Communion with friends that are tried, true and  
strong,  
To love and be loved for love's sake—  
In fact, all that makes a life happy and long  
Are free to whoever will take.

—Selected.

## OUR MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

### THE LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, SUNDAY SCHOOL.



ON October 6, 1895, the first Sunday School of the Los Angeles branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in Forrester Hall, with Elders John R. Smith and M. H. Thomas in charge. On October 13th another session was held with the above-named Elders conducting the exercises.

President Henry S. Tanner being present on the following Sunday, October 20, 1895, an organization was effected under his direction, with Elder W. N. Woodland as superintendent and Sister Winnifred Woollacott as secretary and treasurer.

The membership at this time was thirty. The school has been held regularly each Sabbath from the date of its

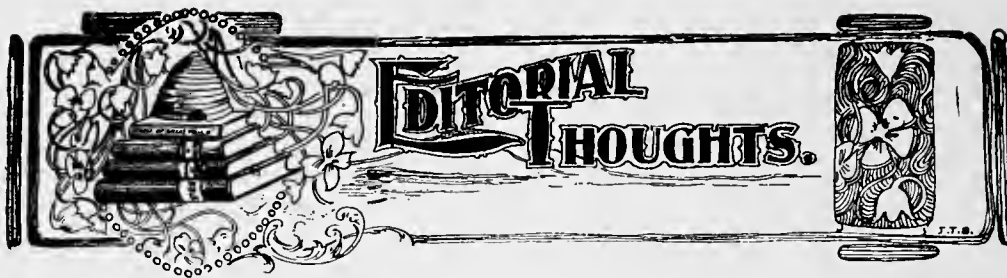
organization until the present time with the exception of conference Sundays.

The present enrollment is fifty, with an average attendance of thirty-five. Our Bible class is presided over with ability by President W. A. McCullough; the Book of Mormon class is doing good work under the direction of Brother W. Phelps, assisted by Elder George H. Miles; the intermediate class under the management of Elder James E. Jensen, is advancing rapidly; the primary class under the guiding hand of Sister L. B. Larbeer, who is thoroughly devoted to the work, is pushing forward to the point where promotions will be necessary. Take it all in all the school is in a thriving condition and promises well for progress and permanent growth.

*E. M. Pugmire, Supt.*



THE LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, SUNDAY SCHOOL.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 1, 1902.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:  
 Joseph F. Smith, - - - General Superintendent  
 George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent  
 J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD:

Joseph F. Smith	James W. Ure
George Reynolds	John F. Bennett
Joseph M. Tanner	John M. Mills
Thomas C. Griggs	William D. Owen
Joseph W. Summerhays	Seymour B. Young
Levi W. Richards	George D. Pyper
Francis M. Lyman	Henry Peterson
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STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARDS.

**R**ESOLVED, That the Sunday School Stake Superintendent, his assistants, the secretary, treasurer, chorister and librarian, and all other workers who have been regularly appointed and sustained for Stake work constitute the Stake Sunday School Union Board.

Resolved, further, that all stakes be urged to hold regular Sunday School Union meetings. That these meetings be held once a month wherever local conditions make it possible, but where this is not practicable that they be held once in three months, and then that three sessions be held instead of one. In those stakes so widely scattered or so sparsely settled that it will be undesirable to hold these meetings four times a year, that they be held once a year, but in these annual meetings, the time, place and number of meetings held be directed by the General Board: And that all meetings of Sunday School workers in the various

stakes called by the stake superintendents be hereafter known by the name of Union meetings.

The foregoing resolutions were adopted at a recent meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and it was unanimously decided that they, together with the conditions making them necessary and the points developed in the discussion, should be published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the guidance and information of the Sunday School workers.

The first of these resolutions was necessitated largely by the lack of uniformity in the various stakes. There are in all stakes a superintendent and two assistants. There should also be a secretary, treasurer, chorister and librarian. In addition to these officers there may be added to each Stake Board members to such a number that by visiting two and two they can attend each school in the stake at least once a month. No definite number of members of the Board can be fixed, as stakes vary so greatly in size and population, and are so differently situated.

It is desirable, as stated in the resolution, that these workers be all considered regular members of the Stake Board, and that the old distinction of "Aids" and "Sunday School Missionaries" be abolished. It is believed that by making them regular members of the Board they will assume a part of the responsibility and hence find new interest in the work assigned to them.

In order that there may be harmony in the Stake Boards and that their work

may be systematically done Board meetings are a necessity. These meetings, to produce good results, should be held at least bi-weekly. Greater intervals destroy interest. In the more populous stakes where Boards are larger and where there is a greater amount of work, it may be necessary to meet once a week.

Much work, so various in kind that it cannot receive consideration here, will come up in these meetings. All intelligent workers will readily see that the whole field of Sunday School work must receive attention in order that the workers may come to a unity of understanding concerning their duties. Some work is of such importance as to claim its share of time in each meeting. Of this nature is the giving of reports of visits made by the members. These reports should not become stereotyped nor be made tedious with unnecessary details. They should deal with the living issues of the various schools reported. Whenever matters are reported requiring the action of the Board, such action should be taken as soon as it can be done wisely.

Another work closely connected with reports and requiring attention in each meeting is the making of appointments and the assignment of work by the superintendent. This is necessary in order to keep the members active and in the enjoyment of their labors. Instances have come to our notice in which stake activity has practically died out for the lack of appointments and the meagreness of the instructions and directions given by the superintendency.

The second resolution was occasioned by the fact that the great progress in Sunday School work during the last few years has been limited largely to those stakes that have regularly held their Stake Union meetings. It is believed

that what has been a great factor for good in so many stakes, can, with slight adaptation, be applied also to those stakes that have been practically only "marking time" for a number of years, and that they also can receive an awakening of interest and a new impetus for growth through this agency.

In many stakes it may be possible to hold these meetings once a month. This could easily be accomplished, especially if the stake presidency would kindly grant the use of some Sunday afternoon for this purpose, as is the case in several of the stakes where the union meetings have proved so beneficial. An hour can be chosen sufficiently late in the afternoon to permit all workers to reach the place of meeting after having performed their usual morning duties in the Sunday School.

Many stakes more widely scattered could not conveniently meet once a month. To them the resolution suggests quarterly Union meetings. These could be conveniently held at the times of the quarterly stake conferences, on which occasions there would be a double benefit from meeting; making this time still more auspicious. There are usually in attendance at these conferences some of the Apostles or members of the First Council of Seventies that are also members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. They would be pleased to remain a day after the conference and aid in making these meetings successful, and in order to make up for the long intervals between these meetings three sessions should be held. This would give the workers in such scattered stakes the same proportion of time or amount of instruction as is given to union meeting work in those stakes that hold monthly meetings of one session each.

But there are a few stakes in which quarterly Union meetings could hardly

be made successful because of distance, climate and other hindrances. To such we suggest yearly gatherings of several sessions each. These occasions could be made the great social and spiritual feasts so much needed in those places. Surely no Sunday School worker would object to an outing each year so enjoyable and so beneficial.

The matter for consideration in these meetings, whether in large or small stakes, is of very wide range. Many topics of general interest ought to be considered by the whole assembly. Other topics may concern only the respective departments. For the consideration of these department topics the assembly should accordingly divide up. It is a mistake to suppose that there is no other work for these meetings than studying the lessons to be presented before the time of the next Union meeting. That of course is important. But time is needed and can be very profitably spent on many other subjects. Besides the effects of so much class work under a teacher sometimes not well qualified are questionable. Undoubtedly, the proper persons to conduct department meetings are the members of the Board; and the subject matter—the observations they have made in the respective departments as they have visited from school to school. This subject matter, if the Stake Board is doing its duty, has been considered and discussed by its members before bringing it before the Union meeting. Such topics are usually the current, vital issues that give life to the organization and progress to the schools.

In all our efforts at outward perfection as Sunday School workers we must not forget that our work is a spiritual one, and that it cannot be accomplished by mechanical means and appliances. But these gatherings and discussions

should develop our understanding and skill, and impress us with an increased sense of our responsibility as teachers, thus giving us greater humility and making us more perfect instruments in God's hands of performing His great work.

*Joseph F. Smith.*

*George Reynolds,*

*Joseph M. Tanner,*

*General Superintendency.*



#### OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG MEN IN UTAH.

ON another page of this issue will be found a most excellent article on "Boys and Chickens" from the pen of Prof. Jas. Dryden, of the Agricultural College of Utah. Mr. Dryden gives an inspiring account of what a young man can do in the poultry profession when he gives his attention to the work and prepares himself for it by a course of studies at one of the leading universities of our country.

But Mr. Dryden is himself an example of what a man can do on his own account if he but have studious habits and high aims. Today Mr. Dryden enjoys a national reputation, and is even known beyond the confines of our own country.

The manner in which this reputation has been gained is a lesson to every ambitious young man in this state. Not many years ago the gentleman was a young stenographer in Salt Lake City. When Prof. Sanborn took charge of the College and Experiment Station at Logan Mr. Dryden went there as private secretary and stenographer to the president. The young man saw a good field for experimental work in almost every direction. Bulletins were sent from all parts of the country, and from these he was able to gather both information and inspiration. He therefore began a systematic study of the important economic

questions relating to chickens. In 1896, while the writer of this was president of the College, Mr. Dryden began work along experimental lines, and it was not long before his bulletins gained for him a national reputation, and he contributed a great fund of information to those who are interested in our poultry industry throughout the country.

Mr. Dryden simply illustrates the case of a man who is looking about him for chances, learns to distinguish a good thing when he sees it, and then, by persistent effort, makes the best of what lies before him.

There has grown up of late years a special interest in the hen, whose powers of wealth production are truly marvelous. If every farmer's home had a book on poultry raising and Prof. Dryden's poultry bulletins it is certain the information which they contain would, if studied, add very materially to the wealth of our own state.

Millions of wealth are awaiting the future poultrymen of Utah. Some day, when the poultry farms of this state constitute great money-making industries, many of us will realize the loss of golden opportunities which study, industry, and the exercise of diligent care would have made our own.



### THE BLACKBOARD IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Sunday School has derived great benefits from the improved methods of teaching which have been inaugurated in the day school. All other things being equal, the successful public school teacher will perhaps be more successful in the Sunday School than the untrained teacher, because he has had the advantages that come from the improved art of his profession. We may therefore very naturally suppose that

whatever has been helpful in the day school may prove advantageous to the Sunday School. One of the most important factors in teaching in recent years has been the enlarged use of the blackboard. Today the public school buildings devote every inch of available space to the blackboard. It can be employed in so many ways, and is so helpful to the wide-awake teacher that there is scarcely any limitations to its use; and we may very naturally ask ourselves the question, if the public school teacher uses the blackboard to such great advantage may it not also be helpful to the teacher of the Sabbath School? The word that a child sees written before his eyes upon the board has a more lasting impression upon its mind than the word which it sees printed upon a chart. In the first case the child follows the process of word making. The map which the child sees drawn upon the board, although the map may be very imperfect, is more impressive upon child memory than the printed wall map. If the teacher were to step to the blackboard and write the name "Moses," the picture of that word would be more indelibly printed upon the mind of the child than when seen as a printed word in the Bible.

The question may be very naturally asked, in what ways then can a blackboard be used in the Sunday School? Teachers that are deviceful may invent a great many uses for the blackboard. In the first place all new names in the lesson may be written upon it, not before the child enters the class, but while the child is following the hand and listening to the voice of the teacher. Maps also may be drawn upon it. Sometime ago the writer was asked: "Which is the best map of Palestine for a Sunday School class." The answer was: "The map which the teacher draws before his students on a blackboard." If



the teacher be skilled in drawing he may draw pictures of the various animals mentioned in the Bible. He may draw the cedars of Lebanon and the roses of Sharon. He may draw the costumes of the ancient Jews, the landscape of Jerusalem and its surroundings; and as we go along the list of useful things for which a blackboard may be employed, we may at last ask the question, For what may a blackboard not be used in the Sunday School?

Someone has said that the blackboard can be of no service in developing the spirituality of the child. But such a statement presupposes that one can always draw the line between spirituality and intellectuality. Our spiritual and intellectual natures are so interwoven one with the other that any complete or perfect distinction between them is impossible. In Sunday Schools where

there is but one room and classes are separated by means of curtains it is not always convenient to have a blackboard present, but if the teacher has learned the real value of this help there is no place and no school in which the board may not be employed. As a rule the blackboards in the communities where Sunday schools are held are large and cumbersome. In many places the blackboards are painted on the walls and are therefore not portable. A little more appreciation of the value of the blackboard in the Sunday School and a little more ingenuity in devising a suitable one would in time lead to a more general use of this improved factor of education. The adoption of the blackboard is to be greatly commended, and superintendents may with profit devise ways and means for its more general use in our Sabbath Schools.



### A GOOD WAY TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

**A**N important work has been given to the Latter-day Saints, that of preaching the true Gospel to the inhabitants of the earth. While this may seem a broad statement, it is nevertheless a true one. Through the Prophet Joseph Smith the Lord has re-established His Church upon earth. Those who become identified with the Church have the sacred duty to perform of making its doctrines known to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. During the last sixty-five years a marvelous work has been accomplished by the missionaries, in the way of spreading the Gospel. Being

called by proper authority, Elders have gone into the world and for a period of two or more years have devoted themselves to expounding the principles of salvation. The importance and magnitude of this work invite the earnest efforts of all its members. "Mormonism," as it is sometimes called, but improperly, is somewhat unpopular—this is because it claims revelation as its foundation. The doctrines of our Church are natural, therefore they are simple. Our Gospel is one of faith and works. The principle of "doing" is the one I desire to emphasize. Scripture tells us that it is not everyone who says Lord,

Lord, that will enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of his Father who is in heaven. The poet said:

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,  
Awoke and found that life is duty.

Look where you will in nature and you will find that action is life, and that inaction is death; in other words—activity is the law of growth. Now Christ has given the law; to do it He sacrificed His life. He subjected himself to the law of obedience, and consequently gained His Father's love. The same will be true with the children of men; to know the Lord and His ways will require obedience to His laws. A person dies spiritually who does not exercise his spiritual nature. Therefore, as the spiritual part of us grows by use, how careful we should be not to be neglectful!

Those who keep the commandments of the Lord will grow in knowledge, and will know the Master's voice. Right living is surely a safeguard for the future. Principles lived up to are reflected in the individual life. I remember hearing Brother Maeser say—"You don't have to put your hand against the stove to tell there is fire in it, you can feel its influence." Persons living pure lives, think pure thoughts, and their lives shed a pure influence. The Gospel teaches that the Spirit of the Lord will not dwell in unholy tabernacles. The life of the Latter-day Saint, then, must be free from vice. In Zion idleness, profanity, drunkenness, unvirtuousness, Sabbath-breaking, etc., should have no place. A stranger coming into a Latter-day Saint community should see at once the superiority of the people.

In the character of the young and old should be written true manhood and

womanhood. If none of the evil practices which are so common in the world today could be found in Zion, what an important Gospel sermon this would preach to those who are not of us! Young men and women who are attending higher institutions of learning in the East and West, come in contact with teachers and students,—if the characters of these young people are of a highly religious, moral nature, a strong sermon is preached by them. Let me say that example is stronger than precept—"We live in deeds not words."

A person is said to be patriotic who shouldered his gun and fights for his country's cause. Such patriotism is to be admired, but there is a yet nobler patriotism. He is a true patriot who gives his time, talent, and means to establish and preserve the principles of righteousness; such patriots should the young men and women of Zion endeavor to become.

What a beautiful lesson is taught in the life of Nephi, the son of Helaman! Nephi lived at a time when there was much unsteadiness among the people (Nephites and Lamanites).

In his life he manifested a truth-loving spirit, and when he arrived at manhood he was given the office of chief judge. As he traveled among the people he saw their wickedness, feeling the great need of repentance, he gave the judgment seat to Cezoram and went from city to city warning them of the judgments of God that would come upon them if they did not turn from their evil ways. His plain teachings of the truth offended the worst sinners; he was persecuted as other prophets had been, but did not waver in the work the Lord had given him to do. Returning to Zarahemla from the land north, he began preaching to the people—large crowds gathered round him. Here, too, he met hostile

bands, but he did not hesitate to do the will of the Lord.

On one occasion after he had finished speaking to the people and was returning to his home, a voice said unto him:

Blessed art thou, Nephi, for those things which thou has done; for I have beheld how thou hast with unwearyingness declared the word which I have given unto thee, unto this people. And thou has not feared them, and hast not sought thine own life, but have sought my will, and to keep my commandments. And now because thou hast done this with such unwearyingness, behold, I will bless thee forever; and I will make thee mighty in word and in deed, in faith and in works; yea, even that all things shall be done unto thee according to thy word, for thou shalt not ask that which is contrary to my will. Behold thou art Nephi and I am God. Behold, I declare it unto thee in the presence of mine angels, that ye shall have power over this people, and shall smite the earth with famine, and with pestilence, and destruction, according to the wickedness of this people. Behold, I give unto you power, that whatsoever ye seal on earth, shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven;

and thus shall ye have power among this people."—Hela. 10: 4-7.

This great blessing was the result of living a pure, humble, obedient life. Many are the examples that might be cited, showing there is only one successful way to live; and that is, to act that the spirit of truth will always guide. Such lives are beautiful sermons in themselves, and will teach where words alone would fail.

The one who carries the Bible under his arm is not always the most successful exponent of the principles of righteousness. To the glorious work that is being done by Elders who are called to go into the world—the direct and indirect teachings of every Latter-day Saint should be added:

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.

*Newton E. Noyes.*



### FAITH IN THE LATTER-DAY WORK.

**T**HE great aim of Sunday School work is to insure right action; and to plant within the heart of the pupil faith in and a living testimony of the divinity of the latter-day work, as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and a desire to obey its doctrines and ordinances. In short, to make Latter-day Saints of them."

"All instruction in the Sunday Schools of the Saints should have for its aim and object the development in the hearts of the students a love for God and their

fellow-men, and faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the great work of the latter days."

"No better material can be found for teaching the virtues than the lives and experiences of the founders and pioneers of the Church of Christ."

Instruction should include "The opening of this dispensation by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The life of the Prophet and other leaders, in connection with the early rise of the Church and the settlement and growth of these valleys."

"The restoration: This period should receive careful attention. Begin with the boyhood of Joseph Smith and take up the principal events of his life, as already suggested, together with the organization of the Church and the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon. Some of the leading revelations should receive attention in connection with the early rise of the Church. The martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch Joseph and Hyrum Smith, together with the persecutions endured by the Saints may be treated for the purpose of establishing a love for those who endured so much for the Gospel's sake."

"Demonstrate the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith and prove that he was a true prophet."

The foregoing quotations are taken from the *Sunday School Treatise* to show that the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, in issuing that valuable guide to Sunday School workers, desired to impress upon the teachers of the various grades that the chief object of instruction should be to make Latter-day Saints of the pupils; and that, to aid in accomplishing this desirable result, faith in the latter-day work should be implanted in their hearts, if possible, by giving them information concerning the Prophet Joseph Smith and his mission, and the history of the Church.

There can be no question that the great aim of our Sunday School work should be as stated by the General Board. The correctness of that view is clearly evident by the fact that when an individual becomes a Latter-day Saint he enters upon the pathway to eternal life and exaltation. It is impossible to imagine anything of greater importance, unless it be that, having started upon the pathway, it is essential he should continue therein, diligently fulfilling all the requirements of the Gospel.

The "Suggestions," "Course of Study," "Model Lessons," "References," "Methods," etc., published in the *Treatise*, for each department of the Sunday Schools, are excellently devised to enable the teacher to formulate lessons that will conform to the general aim. The standard works of the Church, the authorized text books of our Sunday Schools, can all be advantageously used in the same general direction, but they must be supplemented with suitable books relating to the life and mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the history of the last dispensation. It is apparent, from the *Treatise*, that the General Board desires that those subjects should be given due consideration in each department of our Sunday Schools. The essentiality thereof is indisputable; certainly there are no pupils too young to understand and be deeply interested in the numerous remarkable incidents in the life of Joseph Smith, and none are too old to duly appreciate the glorious principles revealed through him. It is a serious mistake to omit a systematic course of lessons on those lines in any of the classes in Sunday School.

A systematic course of lessons in Sunday School does not imply an exhaustive study of the text books. Every teacher knows that the one hour weekly that can be devoted to lesson work in the Sunday School is wholly inadequate for exhaustive study even though years might be occupied on one line, which would be a highly objectionable procedure. During the three years that pupils usually remain in any one department of the Sunday School, it is advisable that they should receive instruction adapted to their capacity, on the three principal lines recommended in the *Treatise*, viz: The Old and New Testaments, Book of Mormon, and Life of

Joseph Smith, including the history of the Church. It is the personal opinion of the writer, based upon experience, that the best results are obtained by devoting one year to each of those lines, in each department, selecting from the text books the most striking and essential features, and presenting this selected material in the most impressive, concise, and interesting manner possible, adapted to the capacity of the pupils of the respective grades. In other words, give them the rich cream of the "milk of the word," that they may be spiritually nourished, and inspired with that faith which is the aim of our Sunday School work. Pupils thus taught in each grade, passing by progressive steps, in systematic order, from the kindergarten to the senior theological class, will advance in understanding as their intellects mature, and their capacity to acquire knowledge increases, eventually securing a fairly thorough knowledge of all that is most important in the text books, combined with gradually strengthening faith in the great latter-day work.

Lessons from the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and history of the Church, have hitherto been given in most of our Sunday Schools in a somewhat desultory and disconnected manner, and it is feared that in many schools and classes, the subject has been almost entirely neglected. This regrettable omission of a vitally important feature of Sunday School instruction has doubtless been caused, to a great extent, by a mistaken idea that seems to have prevailed, to the effect that there is a lack of suitable text books that could be used in the respective classes for the purpose of imparting instruction concerning the latter-day Prophet and Church history. True that was in the past a partially justifiable excuse for the omission alluded to, but not so now. there are a number of

authoritative works that can be used advantageously for the purpose named. The *Life of Joseph Smith*, by the late President George Q. Cannon, is one of the books that teachers can most readily adapt for use in preparing interesting and profitable lessons, suited to the capacity of pupils of any age. Each Sunday School should be provided with a number of copies of that valuable book; and it would be well if each teacher, and household, possessed a copy. President Cannon, before his death, issued an abridged edition of the same work, specially adapted for youthful readers and Sunday School junior classes.

There is now in course of publication, in *The Improvement Era*, a history of the Prophet Joseph Smith, written by his mother, Lucy Mack Smith, and revised by President Joseph F. Smith, which is intensely interesting, and abounds with matter that can be profitably adapted to Sunday School lessons. "A New Witness for God," by Elder B. H. Roberts, and other works by the same author; "Life of Brigham Young," and "A brief history of the Church," by Elder E. H. Anderson; "Joseph Smith, the Prophet," by Elder Andrew Jenson; "The History of Utah," by Bishop O. F. Whitney, and a multitude of published contributions relating to the great latter-day Prophet, his successors, and others who have been identified with the establishment and progress of the work of God in this age, together with doctrinal and historical publications, and the standard works of the Church. In these there is an abundance of matter to amply equip all the teachers in our Sunday Schools, and enable them to judiciously select, for their respective classes, that which will, under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, best aid them in accomplishing "the great aim

of Sunday School work," "to plant within the hearts of the pupils faith in, and a living testimony of, the divinity of the latter-day work, as revealed through the

Prophet Joseph Smith, and a desire to obey its doctrines and ordinances." In short, to "make Latter-day Saints of them." *Duncan M. McAllister.*



### BOYS AND CHICKENS.

**N**OTHING gladdens the human heart like a good, vigorous, manly, ambitious youngster, unless it be a dozen of them. The hope of the nation, we are often told, is in the youngsters. It was the writer's fortune a year ago in New York State to look upon several thousand young hopefuls in a bunch. They were ambitious; they were full of life. It was a grand sight. It is true they were denied the use of arms; it is equally true that they had lost all their teeth, nor did they seem to need them though they were good eaters. They were required to wear no cumbersome clothing, and they seemed to revel in the privilege. Their legs were yellow and their feathers snow-white, like high-bred White Leghorns that they were, for they were a bunch of chickens. After a look at the half-clad, half-fed, dirty youngsters in the poorer districts of New York City it was a sight to gladden the heart. Those chickens were better fed, better clad and better cared for than the wretched, neglected children of the city. They were not the hope of the nation, it is true, any more than the unkempt, untaught youngsters of the streets of New York.

I was standing with the proprietor of a beautiful farm near the Hudson towards evening, when several thousand

young White Leghorn chicks, most of them nearly mature and giving the final touches to their plumage, came out from the cover of an ample orchard whither they had gone to escape the heat of an August day. It was an every day sight to the owner, and yet he said: "Look at them; it is a grand sight." Such indeed it was, and I could wish that several hundred young people in Utah could see it and take to heart the lesson.

Here is the story in brief: The owner of the farm adopted a boy into his family, having no children of his own. The boy early took a notion for poultry and persisted in taking a notion. The father finally invested ninety dollars in thirty pure-bred chickens, and said to the boy: "I will furnish the money if you will furnish the brains." The boy was sent to Cornell University; took a course of instruction and learned all he could about poultry there. That was seven years before my visit to the farm. At that time there was about \$7,000 invested in the poultry plant. The previous winter 3,000 laying hens were kept, all of one breed, and it was said that during the four months he was selling \$100 worth of eggs a day, shipping them every day by express to New York City, a distance of some 150 miles. By careful selection of the eggs and

careful feeding of the hens, he got a premium for the eggs, the price for four months averaging 47½ cents a dozen.

It is a long story to describe the plant in detail, to tell of the failures and successes, for there were failures, 1,500 chicks for instance, having been lost in one season through faulty brooding. It took six or seven years to get this reward, and he got it in a substantial shape.

Are there any such boys in Utah? That boy, a college graduate, with the encouragement of his father, didn't think the poultry business small business. That boy didn't think that loafing on the street corner, with a cigarette in his mouth, was a necessary part of his education. His ambition didn't consist in "keeping up with the boys;" going to all the circuses and all the dances that came around; learning all the slang of the street, and spending hours and days in acquiring the technical vocabulary of the baseball field. Nor did he lie awake at nights scheming how to get a dollar from the egg money of his hard-worked mother to go to the show or the baseball game. But that is not all. That boy, now grown to manhood, though a poultryman, recently received substantial recognition of his worth as a citizen by being appointed by the governor of the great state of New York to an important and lucrative state position, while the active management of the poultry plant has fallen upon another adopted son.

Few people realize that the neglected and despised hen is of so much importance. Talking of strikes, were the American hen to go on strike there would be a financial panic such as the country has never seen. It would be equivalent to withdrawing three or four hundred millions of dollars from circulation, not from the pockets of the millionaires but from the pockets of the

people. Talking of the beet sugar industry, magnificent as it is, the hen is worth in dollars and cents five times more than it is worth, besides the profits of the hen industry are not controlled by a few millionaires. Talking of ship subsidies, the hen could buy up in one year all the oats, barley, rye, buckwheat and potatoes produced in this country in one year and still have over \$50,000,000 left to pay ship subsidies.

This of the American hen. What of the Utah hen; let us make her acquaintance. The federal census of 1899 reports a total value of nearly \$700,000 worth of poultry and eggs produced in that year in Utah. I understand that in taking the census no account was taken of the poultry produced in the towns and cities of the country. In Utah especially large numbers are produced in towns and cities. Were the fact known it is safe to say that the figure would reach near one million dollars, and this under a system largely of neglect. What could not be done with better management and a judicious increasing of the flocks? The product could be quadrupled in this State without danger of over-production. Beyond supplying our own home market, which we do not now do at certain seasons of the year, there is an immense and ever-growing market for poultry products in neighboring states and in California. With eggs that cost five cents a dozen at the present time selling in the country towns at from fifteen to twenty cents per dozen, and in the cities at much more, and spring chickens selling at twenty-five cents a pound, there is a profitable business, not for the street corner loafer, but for young men of brains and enterprise.

*J. Dryden,  
Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.*



## RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

### PLANS.

#### PRIMARY GRADE.

##### LESSON I.

*First Step.* Song, "Love at Home."

*Second Step.* Prayer: Our Father which art in heaven, we thank Thee for all the blessings we enjoy. Bless us this day with Thy Holy Spirit that we may learn well our lessons. Bless all the authorities of Thy Church, also our parents and teachers. We ask it in the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Third Step.* The family. Father and mother. Their full names. Illustrate in some practical way, by question, story or example, our duty and relation to our parents; the good they do to us and the good we can do to them.

*Fourth Step.* Story of the First Family. God placed Adam and Eve upon the earth. He gave Eve to Adam for a wife, and prepared the Garden of Eden to be their home.—Gen. 2.

*Fifth Step.* Testimony bearing.

*Sixth Step.* Song, "Kind and Heavenly Father." Prayer: Our Father, which art in heaven, we thank Thee for the lessons we have learned this day. Help us to remember them. Dismiss us now with Thy blessings, and let Thy Spirit go with us to our homes and remain with us till we meet again. We ask it in the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

##### LESSON II.

*First Step.* Song, "Love at Home,"

*Second Step.* Prayer. Same as lesson I.

*Third Step.* The family. Brothers and sisters. Their relation and treatment of each other. Illustrate practically as suggested in lesson I.

*Fourth Step.* Children of First Family. The good children. The bad son. The blessings of the former. The curse of the latter.—Gen. 4, and Pearl of Great Price.

*Fifth Step.* Testimony bearing.

*Sixth Step.* Song, "Kind and Heavenly Father." Prayer. Same as lesson I.

#### INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

##### LESSON I.

*First Step.* "Do What is Right"

*Second Step.* Prayer.

*Third Step.* The Stake Presidency. Their full names. Chosen by revelation. Ordination. Sustained. Salute them politely when you meet them.—Doctrine and Covenants 107: 22.

*Fourth Step.* The Birth of Christ—Luke 2: 1-7. Memorize 7.

*Fifth Step.* Testimony bearing.

*Sixth Step.* Singing. "Lord We Ask Thee ere We Part." Prayer.

##### LESSON II.

*First Step.* Singing, "Do What is Right."

*Second Step.* Prayer.

*Third Step.* Review last lesson. Report on meeting and greeting members of Stake Presidency. Why that respect is due them. Why they travel among the people. What they seek to accomplish.

*Fourth Step.* The angels and the shepherds.—Luke 2: 8-14. Memorize 10, 11.

*Fifth Step.* Testimony bearing.

*Sixth Step.* Singing, "Lord We Ask Thee ere We Part." Prayer.

#### ADVANCED GRADE.

##### LESSON I.

*First Step.* Singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."

*Second Step.* Prayer.

*Third Step.* The First President. Full name. How chosen. Ordination. Sustained by the people.—Doctrine and Covenants 107: 22, 58, 66.

*Fourth Step.* Lehi. His first vision. His preaching to the Jews. The tender mercies of the Lord. 1 Nephi 1. Memorize 9, 10.

*Fifth Step.* Testimony bearing.

*Sixth Step.* Singing, "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning." Prayer.

##### LESSON II.

*First Step.* Singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet."

*Second Step.* Prayer.

*Third Step.* Counselors to the President. How chosen. Ordination. Sustained by the people. Unity of the three. Duties.—Doctrine and Covenants 107: 22, 8, 9.

*Fourth Step.* Lehi leaves Jerusalem. Talks to Laman and Lemuel. They murmur against him. Nephi pleads with the Lord. Talks with Sam. The Lord speaks to Nephi and foretells the curse of disobedience. 1 Nephi 2.

*Fifth Step.* Testimony bearing.

*Sixth Step.* Singing, "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning." Prayer.

#### NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

In your singing memorize the words of the

hymns named. Sing without instrument. As soon as possible let the pupils volunteer by turns to lead the singing. This will train them in leadership as well as in singing.

The foregoing form of prayer is designed merely as a beginning for the children, to start them and to give them courage; it is not designed to curb the individuality. Children should be led through observing the goodness of God early to express their gratitude to Him. They will easily depart from the stereotyped beginning when the habit of prayer has been formed.

The following interesting example of the benefit of thus teaching the children to pray has come to our notice from a faithful teacher in one of our wards: In a religion class in which a teacher had faithfully taught the little children the form of a blessing on the food and an evening prayer was a little girl from a family in which grace had not been said nor prayer offered since the birth of the child. When the members of the family were seated at the table the father, as is usual among many unfaithful, said "now pitch in." The little Religion Class pupil said: "Papa, in our class we have learned a different blessing. May I ask it?" The parent consented, and the little girl was pleased to perform this duty at the table that she might report it in the class with the other children. Prayer also had been neglected in that family. The children had never heard the parents offer thanks to a kind Heavenly Father for protection during the day, and ask for His blessing during the night. But the little pupil had learned well the form of a prayer, and had heard other children report the use to which they had put it at home. She had a desire thus to report herself. Consequently, as the parents were about to send her to bed without acknowledging the goodness of God, she said: "We have learned in our class an evening prayer. May I say it?" Consent being given, she arranged the chairs and asked her parents and the other children to join. This they did, and it became an established custom to have prayer in that family. After a time the neglectful father was overcome with shame. He agreed with his wife that they would reform, and take their turn in prayer, and he would be the head of the family. Reformation was carried into that family and prayer was again offered where communion with the Lord had long been forgotten.

This custom of teaching the children the form of a prayer is sometimes condemned by

unthoughtful people, yet it enabled this child to bring about a reformation in that family.

In the other grades no form of prayer need be memorized. If the teacher leads the first few times with an appropriate prayer, the pupils will soon freely volunteer to lead in prayer.

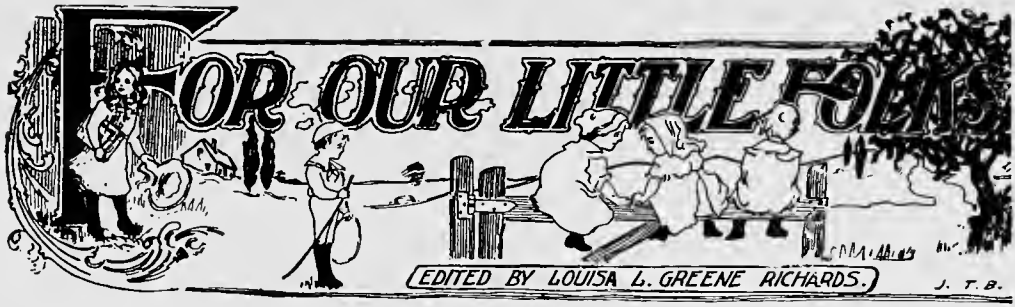
In the third step, the family, near relatives and neighbors, the family teachers and their district, the ward and its organizations will be considered in the Primary grade; the stake and its organizations in the Intermediate grade, and the Church, its officers and the general organizations in the Advanced grade. In this step make the work as practical as possible with illustrations from actual experience. Draw out the knowledge already in the children's minds on these topics. Lead the children to report their acquaintance with, their meeting and proper greeting of, officers in the Church.

In the fourth step the Primary grade will study the Old Testament, biographical stories being told by the teacher; the Intermediate grade will study the New Testament, especially the Life of Christ; the Advanced grade will take its lessons from the Book of Mormon. Make these lessons as interesting as possible. Review them till they are thoroughly learned. The lessons are short and should be well mastered. In the Intermediate and the Advanced grades let the pupils carry the books and do a little reading in the class. Select the most important parts of the lessons for this purpose. Lead the children to do home reading also. Above all let it be your aim to cultivate a love for Scripture and for the Gospel, and lead the children to get a testimony of this great work. In testimony bearing "the fire must first be kindled" by the teacher. This can most easily be done by testifying to the daily manifestations of the goodness of God. Lead the pupils to observe and to speak of them, and this step may be made the most enjoyable part of the recitation.

For a full explanation of the six steps see "Outlines for Religion Class Work" No. 4. If you haven't one send to Secretary L. John Nuttall, Box B, Salt Lake City.

Send in your annual report as soon as possible. It is past due.

It is well where you can to secure the use of the district school house for the classes. It is more convenient, and less expensive, being already heated. The Bishop will probably be pleased to arrange this with the trustees for you.



## TO THE LETTER-BOX.

### Visiting.

SALT LAKE CITY.

*Dear Children:*

I am on my way to California with my Aunt Martha and her two little children. We stop over here for forty-six hours, so that my uncle may join us from Colorado. I think you have a very fine city, and should like to stay longer, but I may come this way again sometime; I hope I can. We went with some of our friends to the musical recital in the great "Mormon" Tabernacle, and I thought the singing and music were the most beautiful I ever heard. My aunt has gone now to call on some of her other friends, she knows quite a few people here. I am staying with my little cousins in the ladies' office while my aunt is making calls. My little cousins are good little things, and will mind all I tell them when their mama leaves them in my care. I am thirteen years old. I like traveling, but am glad of a chance to rest in as pleasant a place as this city is. I found a number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR on the table here, and after looking it over, it came to my mind that I might write to the Letter-Box, and let you children know that I had been here. I was born in London, England. My father and uncle are interested in business in the United States of America, and one of them had to come over here to arrange some of their business matters. It was agreed that my uncle should come, and when he

concluded to bring his wife and children, my father and mother decided to let me come too, as my health had not been good, and our doctor had said for some time that a long journey was what I needed most to make me well. Since we left home, about six weeks ago, I have been gaining all the time. I was scarcely sick at all while on the sea, and enjoyed the voyage very much. Your Temple and the grounds I think are very grand for a country like this. I like pretty, modest, quiet things, and I think your people and your city seem that way. Goodbye.

ALICE LOUISE THORNBERRY.



### No Primary Meeting.

HILLSDALE, GARFIELD CO., UTAH.

We are "Mormon" children, and we like the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR very much. We have a good Sunday School here, but it is a small place and we do not have meetings very often, nor any Primany Association. We would like to live where we could go to Primary and other meetings. Our father has been on a mission to the Southern States.

WM. A. WILSON, 12 years old.

LEVINA WILSON, 10 years old.



### Like to Help Mama.

KING, UTAH.

I am 10 years old. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary. I live on the banks of the Bear River. We have

a cute little dog, his name is Fritz. Our old mother cat has got some little kittens. I can wash dishes and do all kinds of housework, and I like to help mama. I have got four brothers and two sisters. I have one little brother dead, his name was Lewis.

MAUD CLARK.

**His Father Freights.**

ORDERVILLE, KANE CO., UTAH.

My father freights all the time. We have six head of horses and one cow. I have had my prayers answered many times. Last winter there was a little girl standing by the fire warming her hands, her clothes caught fire and she was burned badly. She screamed all night long; but whenever any of the Elders came in the house she would hush and go to sleep; and as soon as they went out of the house she would start screaming again. I don't believe I can tell you any more.

PARLEY ALLRED.

**Twins. One Died.**

KING, UTAH.

I love to go to Sunday School and Primary. My papa is superintendent of the Sunday School here. I had two cute twin brothers, but one of them died. We felt very bad because we would like to have them both.

MABEL MARTINEAU.

HYRUM, UTAH.

This is the first year our papa has taken the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The beautiful little letters in it encourage us to try to write. Our grandpa, Elder H. H. Petersen takes the INSTRUCTOR also. Like other little children, we go to day school, Sunday School and Primary meetings, and like them all, and love

our teachers. We live in the Second Ward of Hyrum City.

MARVEL PETERSEN, 10 years old,

MARY PETERSEN, 7 years old.

**Missionary Sunday School Teacher.**

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

When my sister was sick we all thought she would die, but papa sent for the Elders and they administered to her and she got well. My Sunday School teacher is Amelia B. Carling, a missionary from Utah. We take up the Book of Mormon. I like the study very much, and I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I like my teacher very much.

Your little friend,

JOSEPHINE McDONALD, age 12 years.

**Grandpa's Present.**

GRACE, IDAHO.

I live out on a farm. Our Grandpa King made us a present of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and we like very much to read the Letter-Box. There are four brothers and two sisters of us. I enjoy Sunday School and Primary. I am 11 years old.

LUCY ANN KING.

**YOUR CALL.**

The world is dark, but you are called to brighten  
Some little corner, some secluded glen;  
Somewhere a burden rests that you may lighten,  
And thus reflect the Master's love for men.

Is there a brother drifting on life's ocean,  
Who might be saved if you but speak a word?  
Speak it today. The testing of devotion  
Is our response when duty's call is heard.

**DO RIGHT.**

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,  
And tempests burst around thy head,  
Though life its greenest foliage shed  
In sorrow's blight;  
Yet virtue's calm, commanding form,  
With rainbow arms shall clasp the storm,  
Do right, do right!

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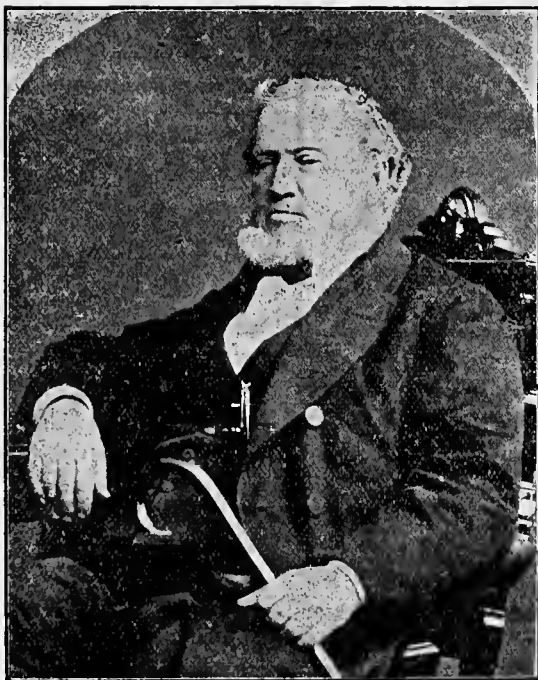
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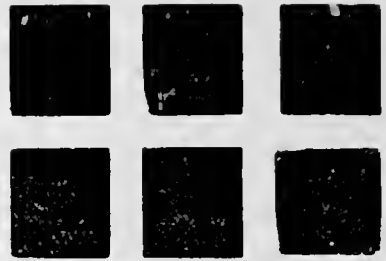
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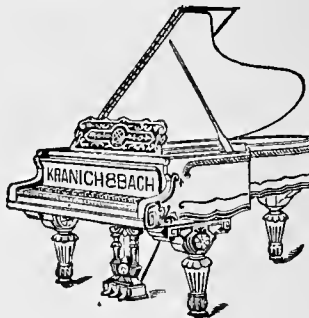


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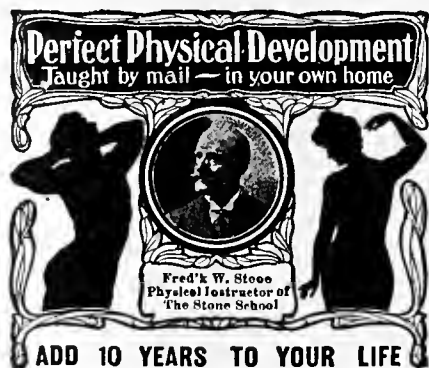
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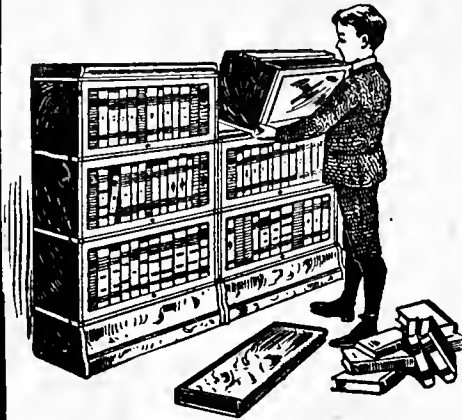
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